Technala

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Table of Contents

Editorial Staff		1
Table of Contents		2
Ideal Alabama Girl	*Dorothy Caldwell*	3
Ears That Heard	*Clara Savage*	4
Hanging Curtains in A. G. T. I.	*Mary Joe Sanders*	6
How It Came About	*Leone Creel*	7
Ode to My General Note Book	*Ruth Abercrombie*	10
The Junior Boat	*Helen Lazenby*	11
Our Campus	*Virginia Gordon*	11
Thoughts at Sunset	*Mira Carmichael*	12
A Woodland Scene	*Ida Mae Cross*	13
The Better Way	*Lucile Nolen*	13
Tragedy of a Letter	*Jennie Rowan*	14
School Life	*Vivian Monk*	15
A Recent Development of Mine		16
Development Through Student Government	*Emma Ramsey*	17
At A. G. T. I. Before the War	*Ruby Mosley*	18
A Dreamer	*A Senior*	19
A New Girl's Impression	*Naomi McWhorter*	19
A Sophomore's Dream	*Ada Camp*	20
What Is Love?	*Edna Hoy!*	21
Thanksgiving Day	*Annie Nunley*	21
The Elopement	*Meddie Jenkins*	22
Editorials		23
School Notes		24
Society		28
Athletics		30
Personals		33
Exchange		41

Technala

The Ideal Alabama Girl

FIVE hundred girls from every hill and valley of the state are gathered together in our dormitory. They come from the richest families and from the poorest families, the lowly man's daughter and the senator's daughter rooming side by side. In such an environment there is an opportunity of judging a girl, as here she is judged, not by the social or financial standing of her family, not by the position her father holds, but by what she herself really is. Under these circumstances it seems to me that the girl who makes good at the A. G. T. I. is the ideal Alabama girl.

The first question that will be asked about this ideal Alabama girl, as we see her at the A. G. T. I., is, "What does she look like? Is she blonde or brunette? Is she small and graceful, or tall and stately? In short, is she beautiful?" If we take the term beautiful in its usual sense as referring to her mere form, features, and coloring, she may or may not be. She may be red headed, pug nosed, freckled faced, low and fat, and all the other things that are not usually associated with startling beauties. But if she has that something within her that goes into the making of the ideal girl, her whole person will be transformed in such a way that seeing her once, you will look again. Above all things she is not one of these artificial beauties, whom we see often upon the city and town streets; the painted, powdered, blondined sort of girl with her ultra-fashionable clothes does not get far at Montevallo. *She* does one of three things—acts sensibly, leaves, or makes of herself the laughing stock of the school. The girl who makes good has nothing artificial about her; she dresses neatly and tastefully, but she has such a pleasant expression and such good sense that dress is one of the last things you think of in connection with her. Her personal appearance counts for nothing except in so far as it reflects the character of the girl back of it.

She has a sparkling, buoyant spirit that keeps her cheerful when things go wrong. If she has any troubles of her own, she keeps them to herself, and she is always ready to sympathize with others. She has an ability to feel and see the other girl's viewpoint, that enables her to express her sympathy in an acceptable way and makes her tactful under all circumstances. She has such a winning personality that she makes friends easily and when she makes them, sticks to them through thick and thin. She is not the one you hear making slighting remarks about every other girl who passes down the hall. She is hail-fellow-well-met with all.

She is characterized especially by her originality. She is not willing to parrot-like accept what other people say, but has a strong mind of her own and uses it in thinking for herself. She is big enough and broad enough to see the

other side of a question, but has an opinion of her own based on all available knowledge, that she stands up for as long as she believes it to be right.

She is interested in the social activities of the school. She has a good time herself and knows how to make others have a good time. She is an enthusiastic supporter of athletics; if not herself one of the players, she is a lively rooter in the match games. She is brim full of class spirit, the interests of her class and her interests being one.

She gives all of these interests a part and a big part in her life, but above all she is loyal to her school work. She is one of those who help to create for Montevallo its reputation for good sound work. Montevallo is not a high-society finishing school. It stands primarily for work, and the girl who makes good knows it and lives up to that standard.

From this characterization of her, you may conclude that the ideal Alabama girl is goody-good. She is not. She is a plain, wholesome girl with plenty of sense, who does good hard work and has a good time too. Her aim is to be of real service to the school she loves, and to prepare herself to be of service to a world that is to her a joy to live in. She shares with Ellen H. Richards the aim "to make herself a true woman, one worthy of the name, and one who, unshrinkingly, will follow the path which God marks out; one whose aim is to do all the good she can in the world and not be one of the delicate little dolls or the silly fools who make up the bulk of American women, slaves to society and fashion."

D. C., '16.

Ears That Heard

TWILIGHT was merging into darkness, on this soft, balmy night in October. The stars were scattered, but with the help of the moon just rising, a dim radiance was shed over the campus, not enough light to distinguish anything, but merely to outline dark masses against lighter back ground. An occasional chirp of a cricket, then an answer, was the only sharp sound to break the soft low melody that filled the air. Giant oaks cast great, dark shadows along the main walks, throwing them entirely out of view in spots. Only dimly outlined could be seen the central walks merging at the canna bed, which appeared one great, tall black mass.

Two girls strolled out of the nowhere, it seemed, into the dimly lighted walk facing Doctor Palmer's. Only their silhouettes were visible, one mediumly tall, with slender, girlish lines; the other, lower and of a more rounded figure. They moved in soft, easy steps, arm in arm, with faces straightforward for a time; then, facing each other they would hesitate a moment, then continue their stroll. Snatches of their conversation came to our ears as they approached. We, in our shadowed position, kept silent and listened.

"If only I knew I should go to college sometime, I should be so happy, Vera. I had planned to teach one year, then go; yet I feel there could arise so many things in that time, I might change my mind and never go."

"Yes, you will go, Lou, if only you once make up your mind to do so. I too am planning to go."

"Where? Tell me quickly. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could go together?"

"I have thought of going to Randolph-Macon ever since I was a little girl. Yet I am experiencing a change in my entire self this year. My ideals and all have changed. Sometimes I wonder if after all I want to do so many of the things I thought I have wished to when I finish."

"That is my case exactly, Lou. Sophia Newcomb has always been my dream college after A. G. T. I. courses are completed. It's such a pity we shall not be together. Maybe, after all, since we feel as we do, we shan't be so separated as we think. Oh, I'm so worried."

"Over what, my dear; pray tell your chum."

"I suppose I shouldn't burden my friends with——"

"Stop! 'A friend in need is a friend indeed!' Last Tuesday it was the letter. That reminds me; have you heard from him since?"

"'Tis this that worries me. Just today I heard again. It is getting to be quite well known on my hall and——"

"You don't mind, do you?"

"Yes, I do, as 'tis a joking matter with them."

"But, Lou, sooner or later if it is ever to be a reality, they will find it all out."

"I don't know myself yet though, Vera; and, er—it's—it's I—you know to make the final decision."

"They already know something of it, Lou, and you must not mind."

"You see I had so hoped to keep it all quiet until I knew my own mind, and had all details settled. Up until now it has been very well, but now it is such a big question, such a great responsibility. When I went to bed last night I worried until my brain seemed dazzled and in the midst of it I fell asleep."

"Poor little girl, I love your sincerity, your conscientiousness."

"But what will Mamma and Papa think, or all my friends if I make a failure?"

"Don't think of it that way, Lou. You have had enough offers to know by now which is the best. Take things as they come and worry less over results."

"Dear Vera, you know all, yes every little detail. In this letter of today he ended, 'I trust to hear favorably from you by return mail.' There is no putting off. This is the time limit. Give me your advice. Must I accept?"

"Lou——," she hesitates.

"Go on, Vera, you have been my dearest friend, one who has so much influence over me, one who can either encourage or discourage my every decision. What do you say?"

We in the shadow held our breath. It all came as such a shock. We knew the two Seniors. How often had we seen them together, but never dreamed before that Lou was contemplating so serious a question. Which one could he be? We had heard her speak of many different ones when we sat at her table. Probably it was the brown-eyed young man who was such a tease, and wrote her such jolly letters. No, he was too much of a boy. What about the man that took her to see "Hamlet?" No, she only spoke casually of his being a friend of her brother's.

"But what of the man who sends her a special every Sunday? That is he, I am certain. Wonder what he looks like?"

We just couldn't wait to tell our bunch. Wouldn't they be shocked? The answer! The wait was lengthening into hours, or we felt it so. What could Vera be pondering over? Our nerves and ears strained to the greatest tension. "Lou, you have always taken everything seriously, and in this case it is only right that you should. It is true this time you are mainly responsible, for it is your *yes* or your *no* that is either to bring joy or sorrow to you or success or failure in the end. I have considered it equally seriously since your interests are my interests. After all, I think, just as you, that——Roberts & Son should print the *Technala*."

C. M. S., '16.

Hanging Curtains in A. G. T. I.

A Monologue

SCENE: A room on second Junior Hall. A dresser is pushed up to the one high window. On this dresser is placed a chair, and in the chair are stacked half a dozen books. The curtain rises, and Mary is seen standing in the middle of the floor regarding the structure with fear and vexation.

Mary: "For goodness' sake, Nellie, how am I ever going to get up there? Here, hold my hand, and kind o' push me. This far up, but now for the rest, I would just as soon try to climb the Alps. Oh, gracious! those books slipped. Hold them good, or I'll fall, and—Nellie, we are the craziest ever. We haven't the sign of anything to nail with. I never could get back up here if I were to once get down, so you run somewhere and borrow a hatchet. I know where two are; one on first floor east and another in the end room on third floor west. Run along, dearie, it won't take you long. (About five minutes later.) Oh, are you actually back? I am surprised. You've been gone only long enough to go to town and back. You can hurry! I've had a most pleasant time up here; the books had fits, and the dresser tried to walk, and to make it all more perfect, a large, fat spider is weaving a web around my head. Well, hand me the hatchet. What? Couldn't find one? And the last girl you asked 'sat on' you? If you knock this chair again, I'll fall on you. Hurrah, I know the very thing—there's nothing like having an ingenious mind—my shoe! It has a tap on the heel and will make as fine a hatchet as George Washington ever had. It's in the closet but don't you dare strike this 'step-ladder' when you open the door. Watch out!—I knew you would. I'll be a raving maniac when I get down. Yes, that's it. Now aren't we brilliant? Where are the curtain hooks? Haven't seen them since you unpacked? We simply haven't time to find them now. There are some nails as big as boa-constrictors in my sewing bag; get those, and maybe I can nail them in so the curtains will stay up. (Silence, except for vain attempts at hammering, then suddenly a piercing scream.) O-o-w! I've mashed my finger clean off, and this old nail is just as wobberly as it was at first. Shoes ought to have heels of iron, so they could be of some use. There now, they are in, and my eyes are simply full of dirt. Now for the curtains. Don't they look glorious? It's worth all this trouble just to have them up, and Nellie, they do hang evenly. How will I get down? Hold that—watch out! I'm falling! Well, thank heaven, I'm on a firm foundation once again."

M. J. S., '17.

How It Came About

THE train stopped. Its motion previously had been so slow that the standstill was barely perceptible. The bustle and confusion which followed was enough to tell the tired one that the destination had been reached, but she did not move until a porter, walking through the coach, yelled, "All out for Birmingham."

Slowly she opened her eyes, looked around blankly for a moment, gathered her various parcels together, and then arose. She followed the crowd out of the car, on through the subway, and toward the station. Quickly she scanned the faces of the crowd waiting just outside the gates, but no familiar face was there to greet her. Such an attractive looking girl could stand there unaided but a few moments, so just as she uttered a weary sigh, she heard some one address her.

"I beg your pardon, but may I not help you?"

One glance at the speaker, a tall, well dressed young man, was enough to tell that he was a gentleman; so she gladly gave him her suit case and followed him on to the station. He led her to a seat and then stood waiting to see if he could render further service. After receiving her hearty thanks, he said politely, "I am sure you were looking for friends and they have disappointed you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "and as my chum said she would certainly meet me, though she might be a few minutes late, I suppose I had better wait here until she arrives."

"Then may I not stay and try to help you pass the time away more quickly?" he eagerly inquired; and, taking her smile of pleasure for an answer, he sat down near her. "You are from A. G. T. I., are you not?"

"Why, how could you guess that?" she said, astonished.

Looking up she saw his brown eyes twinkling merrily as he said, "Don't you reckon that all who were interested knew that a crowd of Montevallo girls were to arrive here this morning in order to see the play tonight?"

"Oh, you were interested I see." She laughed and then mimicked him, "Then you must be from the University, since there is to be a football game here tomorrow?"

He assented very heartily, so she continued, "You also must have been disappointed?"

"No, I was only out in search of an adventure, and——"

"And this is the adventure you found," she quickly but coldly finished his sentence, then, "Well you needn't bother."

"Please don't jump to conclusions too soon," he pleaded. "This was what I had intended saying if you had only let me finish, that I saw such a pretty little school girl, and was lucky enough to have the opportunity to talk to her."

As she relented, he added, "Let's not quarrel, for time is too short."

There was silence for a few seconds, then he asked, "Have a good time at Montevallo?"

It was an old familiar question, but she answered with unusually good grace, "Oh, glorious!"

"Ever get lonesome for—oh well, you know!"

"Know what?" she persisted.

"Why, they don't let the girls have gentleman company, do they? I've heard Glee Club members say that they always liked to go to Montevallo because the girls, rarely having the chance to see their friends, treat them royally. I wonder if I should get such a reception should I go there?"

"Better try and see," was her challenge. "I know your friends would be so glad to see you."

"Sorry to say, I haven't any friends there, except perhaps one—and I have only known her for the last few minutes it seems."

She laughed and then said, "Wouldn't it be funny to get up there and not find the one you were looking for?"

"Then you were only joking when you said you were from Montevallo?" he inquired searchingly.

"Why, certainly not," she protested, "but you can see it would be possible. Why, you don't even know my name."

"Hope to have the pleasure of it soon," he said earnestly. "Won't you please tell me?"

For a moment she hesitated, then held a card up, but as he started to take it she jerked it back. "Only in exchange, Mr. Hasty."

"Please," he begged. "Honestly I'll tell you who I am—later, but can't now."

"It sounds to me"——she sang out merrily.

"Like the truth," he added earnestly. "Please don't doubt my word."

"All right then," and she gave him the card. Was it only her fancy or did he not wince a little at the sight of the name? Certainly, Miss Aurelia Sparhawk was not the most attractive name possible.

She was still smiling when she turned back to him and said, "I see my chum has arrived, so I must tell you goodbye, thanking you again for your kind services."

"Goodbye, never!" he said firmly. "You don't suppose I am going to lose sight of you, even after such a brief acquaintance? I shall hunt you up again."

Slowly he extended his hand and asked apologetically, "Will you shake hands on our friendship?"

She heartily responded and then turned to meet her advancing friend.

"My dearest Ellen, I am so glad to see you, for I was so afraid you'd have been angry ere now and run away from me," was her friend's greeting. "I see you had company though, and not a lonesome time at all."

Ellen did not see the quick glance of recognition which had passed between her friend and the boy now departing. So when she said, carelessly, "Yes, a U. of A. boy was good enough to relieve me of my suit case and then kept me from being lonesome," she was not prepared for her friend's answer.

"You seem to have made good your opportunities to find out about him," was the mischievous remark. "Come on now and 'fess up that you are awfully interested in him; for even I'll admit that he is very good looking. You are even so vexed with yourself that you won't ask me if he is a friend of mine. Why you can even be teased," as she noticed the sudden flush on Ellen's cheek. "No use wasting time, dear, protesting, for I see that my surmise is correct." "Oh," she added mournfully, "better that you had missed seeing Hamlet than

for you to have lost your heart. Come now, and we will take in some of the sights of the city."

They walked from the Terminal to the business section of the city and then began the rush of trying to crowd every amusement into one short day. Kress did not escape them, as that is the familiar haunt for school girls. They gazed at shop windows—wishing that they had enough money to buy every pretty thing they saw. A busy cafe did its best to satisfy their appetites; then they went to a "movie." After a blissful hour and a half spent there, they took a taxi in order that they might view some of the most beautiful sights of which the city could boast. When it began to grow dark they went to Nell's for dinner.

One hour later the two friends descended from their rooms to the parlor.

"Nell, why don't you tell me who my escort is to be?" was Ellen's early question to the young hostess.

For a moment the only answer was a merry laugh. Then, with a roguish look of mystery, Nell asked, "Little girlie, when have you acquired curiosity? You know in school you used to deny the charge."

"Oh, very well, then, I can wait; I do hope you'll enjoy the joke you seem to have planned for me."

"However," Nell continued, "just remember that it is not at all essential to my future health and welfare that I even go to see Hamlet tonight."

The knocking at the door, and the two young men entering the room an instant later, interrupted further discussion. As they advanced, Ellen was called forward and so had the chance of a full glance at them. The face of one was that of an old friend of hers, but at the other she gasped.

"So glad to see you again, Miss Sparhawk, I was afraid I was going to have a hard time hunting you up," he said.

"Then I am so glad you were saved the trouble, Mr.——"

"Tacklefort," he supplied quickly.

"Oh," laughed Nell, "I had forgotten that you two are old friends. Stop your nonsense now and we will clear away all mystery."

"Miss Keith, meet my brother Donald." Then Nell added, "Donald, this is Ellen."

"Your brother!" gasped Ellen.

"You don't mean to tell me, Miss—Sparhawk—that you are Nell's much talked of chum," Donald put in.

On the way to the theatre they explained matters to their own satisfaction.

"Knowing that we had never seen each other, Nell and I planned a little joke on you, but you were too smart for us," was Donald's explanation.

"You forgot that I knew Nell as of old. I guess you found out that I had defended myself against possible attack."

"I should say you did, for that name was enough to stagger anyone!"

"Call it quits and be perfectly honest hereafter," suggested Ellen.

"Done," agreed Donald.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The first anniversary celebration was over, the last friend and relative had departed, when Donald and Ellen indulged once more in a quiet little tete-a-tete.

"Ellen darling do you know how you first appealed to me?"

A shake of the head resting on Donald's shoulder was the only answer, so he continued. "I shall never forget your drooping, tired look when you arrived at Birmingham that memorable day. It was enough to arouse the sympathy of any man. And your first talk with me left a lasting impression. You were so quick to resent, that it was positively amusing. But the way you cleverly turned the joke on Nell and me was the thing that captured me."

"How did you recognize me, whom you had never seen?" queried Ellen.

"You forgot the many pictures Nell had of you—one of which was an especial treasure of mine."

"Donald, I couldn't tell just how you first attracted me. I only know you were, and ever will be, my ideal!"

His reward for this was very promptly and heartily given.

"Dearest," said he, "my only hope is that in the years to come we may have many such mutual confessions and ever as hearty as tonight's has been. Will you seal this?

"Gladly," she said, and tiptoed. L. C., '17.

An Ode to My General Note Book

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

My little blue note book is battered and worn,
But true to its duty it stands;
By many days' use it is tattered and torn—
Yet loyally, always at hand.

I've used it for English, for French and for Math.;
Jots of each on its white little pages,
While notes upon Textiles—scribbled at class—
Give the history of cloth-making ages.

The hero, Ulysses, the old Grecian gods,
Charlemagne—greatest of kings;
Macbeth, his wife, and King Louis XIV
All vie in the struggle, with great or less strength,
To occupy most of its pages.

Psychology, the study of mind,
Sits as a monarch on high—
While Cooking, and Sewing and even young Art
Are found as his subjects near by.

Sociology, ever striving for light,
Leads Child Labor, gasping for breath,
While the poor backward Child and the ragged newsboy
Cling with grateful hands to her dress.

Aye, faithful to each of these studies it stands,
Taking notes day by day.
And, until all exams. are past,
It will go with me from class to class,
Sharing my triumphs, my sorrows and joys,
True in its mission always. R. A., '18.

The Junior Boat

ON the seventh of September, 1915, a party of *Hardy* young girls set out in the boat Junior Hall on the lake A. G. T. I. in quest of Student Government. *Emma* wished to start at *Knight* but *Annie Mae* said it was nicer in the *Day*. "Indeed," said *Annie Merle*, "we could not find a *Farrar* time than today." No sooner had they started than *Nan* found something *Amiss*. The boat was not large enough for so large a number and what trouble followed! *Addie* suggested the help of the *Dean* and *Miss Kirk*. At length the boat owned by a few young gentlemen, Third Central, was found. It wasn't nearly so beautiful as the first one, Junior Hall, but the girls showed their true selves by stepping in as quickly as possible. In trying to get in, *Jimmie's* heart *Bledsoe* that there was some doubt about the trip's being a success. Student Government was a grand free thing, but hard to obtain in an honorable way. *Urbis* said it was a *Longshore* to reach and *Loma Lee* wanted to turn back and *Row*(to)*land*. *Carrie* encouraged them by showing how much *Head* way they had made. Once they were frightened by a huge black object, Freshman Captain Ball team. *Lorena* said it was only a *Bush*; *Elizabeth* protested that it was a *Roach* while *Clyde Smilie*(d).

There had never been a party on the lake A. G. T. I. without a feast. *Mattie* contributed two *Nichols* and *Elizabeth* was chief *Cook*. *Jessie* tried to kill a *Partridge* but *Pearce*(d) *Ruth's* arm so badly that *Annie* carried her to a *Ward*. *Cordelia* said "Great *Scott!*" and *Helen* said "I know her arm *Smartt*(s)!" *Katie Lee* succeeded in killing three *Robbins* but one of them fell into the depths of a *Poole*. After the feast they danced the *Virginia* (*C*)*reel* with *Leone* as leader. Several of the gentlemen who owned Third Central came on deck. *Marie* danced with *Henry*, *Mary Frances* with *Thomas*, and *Tillie Kate* actually fell in love with *Thompson*.

The party has its joys and sorrows, and the journey has not come to an end. Each one is sure that at the end a splendid Student governing body awaits them with Dr. Palmer's "*Weldon!*"

H. L., '17.

OUR CAMPUS

This little grass-green campus
  Leads straight to progress land,
Endowed with wondrous power
  By touch of a workman's hand.

It brings to its possessor
  A hint of beauty's wealth,
And in one-half is hidden
  A charm that works for health.

Other things exist here
  That are beautiful, 'tis true,
Which all together hold faith, honor and love
  Of the A. G. T. I. to you.

V. G., '19.

Thoughts at Sunset

Slowly now the sun is setting
  O'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty,
  On this lovely autumn day.
Red and redder glows the sunset;
  Bright and brighter grows the sky;
But ere long 'twill all be faded,
  For a day must surely die.

Let us watch this glorious sunset—
  Clouds of purple, red, and gold,
Each one blended with another—
  'Tis so lovely to behold!
Let's enjoy it, for 'twill vanish—
  'Tis not ours to question why—
Ere the evening closes round us,
  Ere dark night pervades the sky.

Even though we're only school-girls,
  Still, I hold, we're not so light
That we're dead to nature's beauty
  With its scenes so pure and bright.
No, not dead—'twill bear repeating—
  To the lovely things in life,
To the things that tend to draw us
  From our toils and cares and strife.

While we view this lovely sunset,
  Other sunsets come to mind—
Sunsets that were just as lovely
  (Such 'tis a delight to find)—
Other sunsets viewed with loved ones,
  Whom we now so long to see—
All those dearly loved companions
  Such as other ne'er can be.

While we're thinking of these loved ones
  In our homes so far away,
And are wondering if they're thinking
  Of us at this close of day,
Still the shades are growing thicker;
  Low and lower sinks the sun;
Fast the evening shadows gather,
  For another day is done.

M. C., '18.

A Woodland Scene

THE afternoon was one in mid-October, that time of the year when the woods are the most beautiful. The leaves had begun to change their hues of scarlet and gold. As I stood in the midst of a large wood, on this sunny afternoon, I could see in the distance a group of small hills. The green and autumn gold of its trees blended, forming a rich garment for the mountains.

At the foot of the hills ran a little brook, clear as crystal. As it ran along through the sunshine, it sang a lazy little song. Beautiful shadows lay in it. The blue of the sky and the gold of the leaves were reflected in it. Several leaves, which had fallen from the trees above, floated along as tiny boats upon the ocean. At the bottom of this little brook were many shiny, sleek pebbles, and as it ran through these, it darted in and out among the wild fern which had grown from the sides of its mossy banks.

The trees nearest the brook were especially pretty. Gold was intermingled with crimson, and occasionally there could be seen a bit of green which had not yet put on its October color. Their huge branches extended far over the little brook, giving it and its surrounding ground a cool, shady appearance. Nothing could be heard, save the murmur of the brook and the sweet songs of the little birds in the trees. As I gazed around me, I could not help saying to myself—

"O sun and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."

I. M. C., '18.

The Better Way

THE first year I attended school at A. G. T. I. I spent most of my time studying. Most of the time that was left for me to spend as I chose I spent in my room studying. As I think of it now, I know I was not studying all that time; I was only holding a book and thinking of other things. Thus, from experience, I learned that this was not the proper way to study. During the two following years here, I have learned a few helpful things about studying. I have a schedule for studying. I have my lessons scheduled so that I study the most difficult ones the early part of study period when I am freshest. By using this schedule I have about an hour to study each lesson. I have found that another main point is concentration. This is the most difficult part of all. It is easy to try to study a certain length of time but to put your mind on a thing and really study is different. I think it takes will power and practice to do it. Another thing which helps is to be as interested in what you are studying as possible. I do not think that I have carried out this plan of study by any means. I have profited by using it, and I intend to try more and more to study in this way.

L. N., '16.

The Tragedy of a Letter

(This story is based upon a story told to me by one who knew positively of the incident)

IT was the last evening that they were to be together. How near and dear they had been to each other; and, oh, how the parting hurt! Perhaps she would never see him again. Perhaps! But, ah, it was too dreadful to think! Of course, he would come safely back to her, and very soon. But now duty called, and so he must go and fight for his beloved England.

"And now, sweetheart, good-bye. And 'may the Lord keep watch between me and thee, while we are absent, one from another.'"

In the eyes of the thousands he was as nothing, but in the eyes of the girl the great steamer held only one passenger. He was going. One more farewell, and then all the world was empty. The great steamer began to puff and blow, and all, all too soon, he was lost to sight.

Long and sad were the days without him, and oh, the agony of not knowing whether he were dead or alive! At last came his first letter.

"My most Beloved: How I long for you! But I must remember, England expects every man to do his duty. It is hard, hard, but my duty to England is my duty to you; and, oh my dearest! how could I offer myself to you without having done—and, above all things, having done honestly—my duty to my country and my duty to you. And through it all, we must be happy. Let us think, love, and long, but do not let us mourn for each other. And now again, good-bye. Keep happy, keep merry; do not lose your happy smile and silvery laughter. Pray for England, and pray for me."

How his letters helped! What bright spots they marked, and how she longed for them to come! For his sake she must be happy, surely it would not be long before he would come, and then there would be no more forced happiness, for then all the world could not help but be merry. And there were her happy memories, ever a reminder of his great love.

For him there was only fighting, glorious fighting for beloved England, fighting and her letters—such brave letters! What a "brick" he thought her, and how he longed for the day to come that would make her his wife. But at hand was war. There were the hard-lost battles of Bulowina, and Augustowa, and the glorious victories of Hill 60, St. Julien, and Aus.

Now her letters, and he knew it was for his sake, were taking on an air of joviality, but back of it all he could tell how hard it was to take life as a joke. She would write, "Do not come home until spring. I want you to see our flower-bed in full bloom," and on the next page, "Oh, how I long for you to come! I want to be your wife in reality as well as in spirit. But, dearest, first of all, I want you to do your duty. How proud I am of my fine, strong, honest lover!"

He was taken prisoner. Without her dear cheerful letters, life would have been worse than empty. Jokes were hard, but the week before the day that was to have made her his bride she wrote, "Do hurry up and kill the Kaiser and so come home."

This letter passed through the hands of a great German official. It was the last letter he ever received, for at sunrise the next morning, the morning that had been set for his wedding, her clean, strong, open, honest lover was shot as a spy.

She does not know. To her he died in battle, and for his sake she tries still to do her duty by her fellow-man.

J. R., "P. G."

School Life

A Fifteen Minute Play

SCENE: Ruth's Bed-room

CHARACTERS:
Ruth
Elizabeth
Mary
Christine Barker
Christine Parker
Kate

ELIZABETH (rushing into Ruth's room): Please 'scuse me for coming over your "busy" sign. But, Ruth, what do you 'spose? Have you heard it? Oh, it's dreadful! *Kate has eloped*!

Ruth: Have you gone crazy, Liz? Has your crush given you a violet and set your head to whirling? Or what?

Elizabeth: Neither. I'm perfectly sane. I saw her—I mean—I mean I *almost* saw her when she jumped into the car. And Mary *saw* her. You ask her if she didn't.

Mary (rushing in): Please excuse me for coming over your "busy," but I just had to tell you the news! Have you heard it? Kate has actually eloped with that Jack Lancaster!

Elizabeth (eagerly): Didn't you *see* her, Mary?

Mary: Well, no-o-o, but Christine Barker saw her. I only heard her—that is, I heard the car when it left. But I'm sure it was she, for Christine told me all about how she said last night she was going to elope with Jack if he came here in his car, and Mrs. Phillips didn't keep too close watch and—(she stops for breath.)

Ruth: Girls, try to calm yourselves and let's think what's to be done.

A tap at the door. Enter Christine Barker.

Christine B.: "Busy" signs don't matter to me when such important—— Oh! I can see from your expressions you've heard it! Oh! That Kate could so far forget herself and disgrace our school! And we trying so hard for Student Government! What will Dr. Palmer think when——

Ruth: How long has it been since you saw her get in the car?

Christine B.: Oh, she left fully thirty minutes ago. I didn't see her myself. Christine Parker saw——

Mary: Oh, I misunderstood Maud. I thought she said Christine *Barker* saw her. Well, girls, what are we to do? We must hurry and do something or it will be too late. Shall we go tell Mrs. Phillips, or report it to our class president, or what?

All (rising): We'll go tell Mrs. Phillips. This thing *must* be stopped! (Just as they reach the door, Christine Parker and Kate enter. Much excitement!)

All (talking at once): Well, Kate! Goodness me! Gracious, haven't you eloped, Kate?

Kate: Has everybody gone crazy?

Mary: Kate, we thought sure you had eloped. Christine Parker, didn't you say Kate said she was going to, and didn't you see her get in the car with your own eyes?

Christine P.: Why no, Mary. You misunderstood. I said Kate said she had a *good mind* to elope with Jack *if he'd ever get rich enough to buy a car!* And as for seeing her—well, I did see someone that *looked like* Kate get in a car, but it turned out to be Minnie's mother.

Kate: Thank you! Come on! There's the recreation bell.

V. M., '16.

A Recent Development of Mine

ONE of my recent developments is the appreciation of beauty in all things, especially in nature and poetry. Heretofore, I always thought of trees and grass and mountains and meadows as plain, every-day, common things with nothing unusual about them. Now, my feelings toward them are altogether different. I appreciate the exquisite coloring in all nature now. In the spring the fresh, green appearance of everything appeals to me. Every sprig of grass seems to have new-born life and tries its very best to amount to something. Since I read Wordsworth's "Daffodils" I have always had a different feeling toward flowers, a feeling that I cannot explain. Beautiful sunsets cause my very soul to bubble over. I feel happy and awed too.

I never knew poetry could be so very beautiful until last year. Before, I had enjoyed humorous, lively poems, but looked on all other poetry as some old lines that were tiresome and with very little sense in them. Now it is all so different. I remember well the very moment I knew that I loved poetry. My English teacher was reading to the class, "Education of Nature." I was thrilled as she read the poem, and at the end when the child of Nature died, I wanted to cry; why, I don't know. Since then I have always loved the beauty of poetry.

This has been brought about by the good influence I have had since I have been an A. G. T. I. student. My teachers in art and other subjects have had a greater influence over me than they will ever know. The love of beautiful things has been in me for, oh so long, but it has been brought out and developed by my teachers mainly. When I was young, my mother taught me to love and appreciate beauty, but she died, and it all just shriveled up and remained there until lately. Even though I do not get to show my appreciation now, as circumstances are so that it seems as if I cannot, I hope some day to pass on to others and prove to others some of the things I have really gained.

Development Through Student Government

STUDENT government is in its infancy in our school, but in these two years and a half it has made marked progress. We realize this all the more when we turn towards the results of Senior Hall; not only has good order prevailed but the girls have developed self-reliance, sense of responsibility, and proved themselves capable of handling all problems that confront the new movement. The outcome of this experiment has been the establishment of Junior Hall, which is proving itself equally successful. The attitude of the student body toward the chapel period is entirely different since the seniors took charge of the exercises. The girls take great pride and interest in knowing that it is one of them that is capable of filling this position. The benefits resulting have not lessened, in fact have increased since the senior herself gains from the experience. It makes us indeed happy when we think of these and many other ways by which the girls have proved themselves worthy of every privilege that has been given them, for it shows that student government in our school is being built upon a sound basis, and with the spirit that is shown towards it, it cannot be a failure.

We believe that student government offers a better means than any other phase of school life for development of self control, and for giving the students the ability to distinguish right from wrong, and for doing the right thing just because it is right. It cannot be doubted that self control is very important, for just as self activity and self government are the corner stones of education, so self control is the corner stone of every success we make in life. Self control is only a phase of the self development that comes through student government. Today the young man and woman who really mean something to the people with whom they come in contact, and make the world better for having lived in it, are not the man and woman who merely hold a college diploma; but those who, while they were obtaining this diploma have had their character strengthened by being allowed to govern their own actions. In any of the social problems they can take an active stand as they know how to decide, and do not merely drift along with the crowd, but have strength of character to consider the question from every standpoint, and make their own decision, and then use all the ability they have to obtain the end they believe to be right. Is this not the type of man and woman the world of today needs?

In no way can we see how governing our conduct all through our school life by compulsory rules helps to develop this type of man and woman, or in any way strengthens one's character. All of us are in school for some purpose. Of course we intend to have all the pleasure possible, and we usually find it possible to have our share of fun. We have no desire, however, to waste our time or do the wrong thing, for the very reason we are here for self development is that of learning to do our part towards making the world happier and better in the future. It is only a short time before the faculty of every school and college in our land is going to realize this, and see that there is no need for compulsory rules, but that the young man and woman of today is willing to do the right thing because it is right, and not because they have to. Of course many people, when they discuss student government, instead of pointing out the many schools and colleges around us that have proved that student government

is more successful than compulsory rules, will point out the few failures which have resulted from attempting to put it into schools, but they should realize that these failures in almost every case have resulted from attempting a too sudden transition from the old forms of discipline. They must remember, too, that it is better to have a few failures now than to wait until one has finished college and then be thrown on his own resources for the first time, and as a result, find his whole life a failure. This reasoning shows us that the school days are the days in which one must learn what free government implies; how it helps one to acquire the ability to govern one's self.

It has been said that, "Virtue will not grow and be strong without exercise"; so growth in all virtues which we have enumerated are to be obtained by finding constant occasion in the school life for their practice. Through self government there is a constant appeal to those qualities within us which make the citizen that is worth while in the world today.

E. R., '17.

At A. G. T. I. Before the War

I went to town each Monday morn,
Each store up there I took by storm,
I bought and bought till all was gone—
  Before the War.

Each letter that I wrote my mother,
Told her I out-studied any other,
As a result, checks came, one after the other—
  Before the War.

I was so popular at feasts,
I cared for cost not in the least,
So each one ate like a wild beast—
  Before the War.

My clothes each one sought to wear,
Many were returned with rips and tear,
But for such things I had no care—
  Before the War.

How oft I wish for joys of old,
When to me ev'rything was sold,
As it was in the days of gold—
  Before the War.

R. M., '18.

A Dreamer

AT that hour when twilight is losing itself in the deeper shadows of the evening, when all the world seems resting and is therefore quiet and peaceful, I lie hidden in the shadows on the thick grass and look up at the sky. That which was all rosy color but a moment ago is now pale grey, dotted here and there with stray pink specks of cloud. Swiftly the stars begin appearing—the beautiful, mystical stars, all God's and mine. Now suddenly my Star is there, my confidant and my consolation. And now my very soul is bare, for I am telling its secrets to my star. I am whispering my love thoughts. I am asking my star to be my messenger. "Go, my star, and tell my dream man that I am waiting for him. Tell him I am true." Look! my Star is promising. Now my soul is filled with sweet hope and sweeter love. I know he will come some day stepping out of my dream-world to me. My beautiful star, goodnight.

A SENIOR.

A New Girl's Impression

There is no place like A. G. T. I.,
  Where hearts are loyal and true,
And, Oh! how swiftly the days pass by
  And leave sweet thoughts with you.

The teachers all are good and kind
  To those who do their best;
They teach us how to train our minds,
  But we must do the rest.

Our president to us is dear,
  Who sees to the needs of the school;
He'd smile and be always of good cheer
  If we'd only observe each rule.

We have a good spirit in our school,
  And the girls are happy and gay;
They think about the feelings of others,
  And not of themselves alway.

So, as I travel along life's weary way,
  Striving to do what is right,
The impressions made here on my life each day
  Will not very soon take flight.

N. Mc., '18.

A Sophomore's Dream

THERE now!" exclaimed Jessie Dean, "Mr. J. W. has turned off the lights, and I haven't half finished reviewing this Cicero. I just know that I will flunk on that test tomorrow."

She climbed into bed still repeating, "The poet is the Herald of Fame"; before she was half through, she was asleep. Soon she was in Rome speaking in Latin with an Englishman, and she was taking pride in speaking so well. She was beginning to think that maybe the Englishman would take her for a Roman girl, when in came Miss P——, who soon told the Englishman that Jessie was in her Cicero class and knew absolutely nothing about the language. Jessie, feeling herself disgraced, ran away. She did not run far, however, before she saw Mr. F——, who was on his way to the Roman Forum. Jessie decided to go with him, but just as they started into the "Temple of Janus," Mr. F—— disappeared and Jessie found herself standing by Miss G——, who began to explain why the "Temple of Janus" was a square and the "Temple of Castor" a rectangle. As Jessie began to understand the explanation, Miss F—— came up and began telling the difference between Roman and Swedish gymnastics. Jessie stopped listening to Miss G—— in order to hear what Miss F—— was saying, when suddenly she was startled by hearing Miss G—— clapping her hands, as was her custom when the class was not paying attention. Jessie turned to Miss G—— again, and Miss F——, finding that she was not listening to her, blew a whistle and told her that gymnastics were just as important as any literary work, and she would never learn her gym. unless she exercised her brain. Jessie in her perplexity started to cry and shut her eyes right tight to keep back tears. She opened them quickly, however, upon hearing Mr. C—— say, "Miss Dean, what kind of root does the theme have?" Imagine her dismay when she saw that she was in a bed of thyme on the banks of the Avon River. Of course Jessie could not answer his question immediately, so Mr. C—— began telling her all about thyme. Jessie wished to ask questions, but just as she would begin, he would say, "In a minute, Miss Dean," and then after ten minutes of explanation, when she had forgotten what the question was, he said, "And what is your question?" As Jessie never could learn without asking questions, she soon stopped listening to him and began to look around at the scenery. Her attention was attracted by loud screams, and, looking in the direction from which they came, she saw Mr. H—— coming toward the river, dragging Mamie by the hair. She wondered if Mamie were going to be drowned in the river because she had not handed in her note book. Not wishing to see Mamie drowned, Jessie fled into the forest of Arden.

She had scarcely passed through the forest before she met Dr. P——, who told her that under no condition was she allowed to ramble about, unless she was accompanied by a teacher or senior. With a heavy heart, Jessie started back toward the College. Upon reaching her room she saw tied to her door knob a note from Miss J——, which contained the following news: "You will not pass on first term examination, because you did not hand your bibliography in on time." More distressed than ever she entered her room and found a slip of paper on her dresser from the matron. She picked it up and read, "Do you realize that your room is considered the most untidy room in the building?"

All this was too much for poor Jessie. She threw herself on her bed and sobbed violently. Then she felt someone shaking her and heard a voice which said that Miss H—— had been in fifteen minutes before to tell her to go and put away her sewing material, which the maid was preparing to throw into the waste basket. "Everything is going wrong," sobbed Jessie aloud. This waked her up and she found it was only Marie, who told her to get up as it lacked only fifteen minutes of seven.

A. C., '18.

What Is Love?

Love is such a wonderful instinct,
So some psychologists think;
It makes your life, that's a fact—
And it really is an unlearned tendency to act.

Love is such a wonderful emotion—
This is some psychologist's notion;
If you really and truly love,
Nothing can turn you, below or above.

Love is such a wonderful feeling,
Happiness to the world revealing,
It stays and sticks thru thick and thin—
You always love, if you once begin.

Is love instinct, a feeling, or emotion?
What we think it is can be our own notion;
But Love, true Love, just let me say,
In our home, state, nation, forever stay.

E. H., '16.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day is a joy to all,
For then is time to play basketball;
And thrilled are we to think of the game
The Soph'll win o'er the Seniors' team.

Stately marches the green and gold
To meet their foes who are not so bold,
For weak are they out on the field,
Where is the game the Seniors yield.

Loudly we Sophs then give our yell,
B—a—s—k—e—t—b—a—double l.
Then to the dining room we walk
To eat the meat from the turkey stalk.

A. N., '18.

The Elopement

The students of our boarding school
Said, "Who will be our boss?"
No teachers long with us will fool,
For it will be their loss.

A message to a teacher came
One cold December day,
That made the pupils all exclaim,
"The teacher is too gay."

That night at twelve the teacher heard
A calling at her door;
"Wait just a minute longer, Fred,
Just one short minute more."

Then slipping quietly from her room
She met her lover true;
Together they admired the moon,
But hastened toward Lake View.

Three miles they traveled all alone,
When, greatly to their horror,
Two Seniors from a path unknown
Came forth to cause them sorrow.

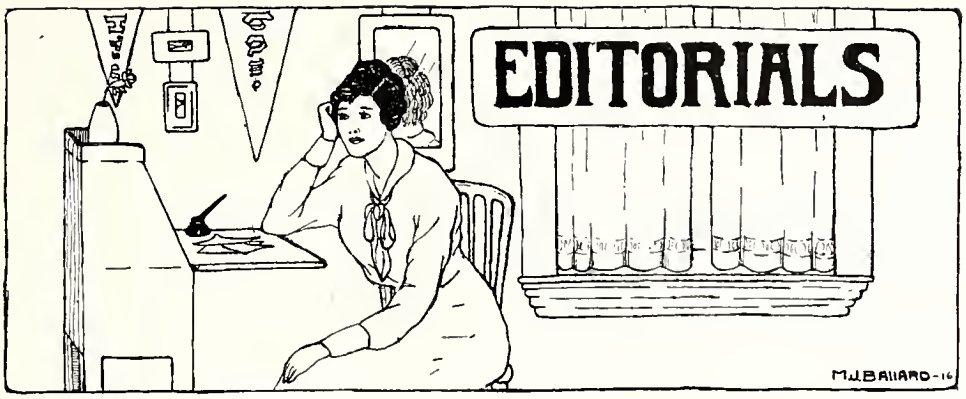
The Senior caught the teacher's hand
And gave to her the law;
They gave dismissal to the man,
Who hastened to withdraw.

They rushed her quickly to the hall,
Though tired she was, and worn,
There to await the fateful call
That she would hear next morn.

No sleep to her that night did come;
She tossed upon her bed;
With terror was she smitten dumb;
She clasped her aching head.

Before the break of day she rose,
Her awful doom to hear;
A Senior did this news disclose,
"You are campused for a year."

M. J., '18.



IN BEHALF of the students and faculty of the Alabama Girls Technical Institute, we extend a hearty welcome to all the new girls. We have as many kinds of girls as there are homes for them to come from. Some come full of dreams of college life—may they not be disillusioned!—some come with a determination to get all that they can; and others still, recalling high school graduation, are not just sure what they will do. But it is this general mixture that we need and we feel sure that they will enter into our school spirit and organizations and prove themselves worthy of being called our students.

* * * *

We wish to welcome our new instructors and the old ones who have returned after a leave of absence. We are proud of our five new Alumnae members of the faculty. This proves the strength of that intangible, contagious something which always draws one back at the first opportunity. May all our girls catch it and avail themselves of their opportunities!

* * * *

It seems that we have a great many things to be proud of, this our twentieth year. Look at Bloch Hall, our new technical building with the most modern equipment at hand to meet our slightest need, and our temporary, but new, "gym." that is to take the place of our very old one until a more perfect structure can be built. Are we not proud of our greatly improved campus and handsome new gates? All of these improvements and promises of more are enough to inspire any girl to do her best for herself, her class, and the school.

* * * *

This is the first year we have undertaken to publish our *Technala* in quarterly editions. In order to make a success of our new plan and uphold the good reputation established by our annual, we must have the loyal support and cooperation of not only every class, but every individual. Just because the Senior Class started the movement, do not think it is their paper and sit back and criticise—anybody can do that. Remember that it is your paper and will be what *you* make it; so bestir yourself and come to its assistance. To have a successful paper we must have fresh, original material for the body, as well as advertisements and subscriptions to help keep up the financial end; and you can help furnish all of them. The load will be entirely on your shoulders next year, and you will need all the experience you can get; so now is a good time to begin.

SENIOR CLASS

ON THE eighth of September, we the Senior Class of 1916, entered our names upon the roll of our last A. G. T. I. year. With the quiet serenity and grave decorum befitting Seniors, we began our duties for the year. We are just now beginning to realize the responsibilities resting upon our shoulders. Our shoulders are young, quite young; yet youth means strength. If sometimes they ache a little from the weights they support, we feel only gladness. We know that these aches are merely growing pains, and so the bigger the ache, the bigger we'll be, bye and bye.

We have made a grave discovery. We have found the mountain peak of Seniordom viewed from the top is entirely different from that Seniordom as viewed from points along the way upward. We had thought that once on top we should at last be entitled to be puffed up with self pride; we had expected to feel dizzy on account of the great heights we had attained and to be satisfied; we had thought to find ourselves at last on Easy Street, a synonym for Senior Hall. How foolish were our ideas! What children we were! Instead of the self-satisfied feeling we had hoped to entertain within our breasts, we know the littleness of our accomplishments; yet we feel hopeful that we may accomplish more. We have learned thru experience that to be truly great, one can never be satisfied with one's self, but must always be striving toward something a little bigger. Instead of feeling dizzy because of the height attained, we are seeing clearly for the first time. As we stand on this little mound we have climbed upon, we are enabled, by tiptoeing, to catch faint glimpses of that height we would attain. Instead of feeling that Senior Hall is Easy Street, we know that it is Worker's Hall. We have found what real work is at last. We are glad for work because we know the glorious results. So we say, one and all, "Hurrah! for Work."

We know we make mistakes, but people were ever prone to make mistakes, even from time immemorial. People will doubtless go on making mistakes thruout eternity. We shudder to think where we should be now had the first happy couple been perfect. We know we are careless at times, yet this too is quite a human characteristic. It must be remembered that our Student Government is in its earliest infancy. Nay, it is just being born. It is our peculiar privilege as the elder daughter of our Alma Mater, to assist in mothering it into

existence. We realize we must handle it tenderly, else it cannot live. We are glad then to feel at times the strong arms of our well wishers, the Faculty, pushing us forward and upward. We are glad of their never-failing interest in our efforts. We appreciate their praise; we appreciate their censure even tho we feel at times we deserve neither. We ask of them as we ask of all interested onlookers: *Have patience.*

* * * *

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

HOW many of our Juniors are going to get on the Honor Roll this term? Surely, seeing examinations staring us in the face, and knowing that they will decide whether we shall be on it or not, we have something to study for. Let us all try hard to surpass our last year's class record. We want our class to have a larger number on the Honor Roll than any other class, and if we all do our best from now until the end of the term, we are sure to have it.

During this term the Juniors have been harrassed by Miss Jenkins' questions on Macbeth and Ulysses. Some of us have been very much embarrassed by her questions on grammar. It has often proved necessary for us to refer to our old friend, Emerson and Bender, for information in regard to sentence structure.

So far our Junior Hall has been a great success. Miss Kirk comes to see us occasionally to comment on the order we keep. Only once has she found occasion to reprove us, and then the reproof was very severe for, as she said, Junior Hall was brought thus into ill repute. Ours is the first class that has tried Student Government in its Junior year, and we are very proud of the success that has crowned our efforts.

We are all very much excited over the Senior-Sophomore basketball game. Being strongly in favor of the Seniors, we cannot help but believe we shall win.

Our secretary reports that the girls have been unusually prompt about paying their class dues. She appreciates their promptness, and hopes that they will continue to show it.

Now that Thanksgiving is so near, let us all look about us and see what we have to be thankful for. Nearly all of us connect the thought of Thanksgiving with that of examinations. Instead of this, why not be thankful that all notebooks and bibliographies have been handed in, and, although examinations are so near, Christmas holidays are also near.

* * * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

WE BET we're the gladdest people in the world that we are Sophomores. We thought surely that we had reached the height of our ambition when Miss Overton told us that we were full-fledged Sophomores. Immediately we made plans for a star year, a year so full of fine things done by Sophomores, that other classes would have to hustle to be compared with us. Things have started out rather well for us. We have over one hundred enthusiastic members on

our class roll. It is our privilege to have as our sister classes the Seniors and the Sub-Freshmen.

It is truly inspiring to know that you are being backed up by the Seniors when things go wrong. Do you recall those little slips that we had to take around to our teachers to have them write "briefly" what we were doing in our work? Well, some of us Sophomores had rather discouraging notes on these slips. If it had not been for the sympathizing Seniors, we should not have recovered from our disappointment so easily. We had thought we were so smart. The Seniors told us that the teachers only wanted us to work harder than we had ever worked. We wish you could see the Sophomores studying now. Some of us even get so interested in our French or Chemistry that we forget to go to the grand lectures that are given in chapel. We think this is a great "boost" for our class, don't you?

* * * *

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

SOON ends the first term of our new year, and after examinations I'm sure we'll hold our heads higher than ever, for all our members will be on the honor roll. When I say *all*, I mean *many*, since we have one hundred and two in the class. We boast not of members tho, but of the work done by us.

Not merely are we interested and eager to be first in class ranking, but also our hearts go out to our Athletic Association. We all do great work as a team, and soon when you come into our rooms you shall see the balls and rackets we fought so hard to get.

After we see the good example set by the officers of our class, I am sure we will follow by doing our very best for the class and for each other.

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SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

ON THE sixth day of September we, the class of 1920, arrived at the Alabama Girls' Technical Institute with our heads full of the visions and joys of college life, as pictured in the catalogues. The first few days passed by very pleasantly. The old girls were lovely to us and tried their best to make us feel at home. We were deep in the mysteries of making our schedules and in exploring the dormitory and grounds, so we had no time to be home-sick; but we soon realized that this joy was not to last. In the round of daily recitations, we found that college life was not all feasts and parties.

In number we are large, in spirit none greater. It is our object above everything to be loyal members of our class and to make it *the* class of A. G. T. I. We endeavor to do good work for our teachers, to play a fair game with both the faculty and students. Most of us are new girls and have been home-sick and blue, but so have others before us. Even if the older classes do dub us "Little Subs," we are not whiners. And we still have time to prove that we will be a class which our college will be proud to own.

Alumnae Notes

The Past, Present, and Future of the Montevallo Chapter of the Alumnae Association

IN FEBRUARY, 1914, a group of association members, resident in Montevallo, met at the home of Mamie Meroney, and formed the Montevallo Chapter of the Alumnae Association with the following officers:

President . . . . . Gertrude Meroney
Vice-President . . . . . Ella Peters
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . Bessie McCary

The Chapter decided to hold regular meetings on the second Tuesday of each month, and invited former students who are not graduates to become members.

The local Alumnae, at the Annual Alumnae business meeting in May, 1914, pledged fifty ($50.00) dollars to the fund for an Alumnae Home, this sum to be paid by May, 1915. Through the kindness of the graduate students of 1914-1915, and of Miss Clisby, Director of Dramatics, a play was given, which netted the neat sum of sixty-five ($65.00) dollars. This more than paid the pledged sum, and the chapter was glad to contribute the extra fifteen ($15.00) dollars to the fund.

In May, 1915, the chapter president was authorized to make a new pledge of $75.00 to the Alumnae Home fund. This amount we are now planning to raise by giving another play.

At present we are also planning to raise funds to help furnish a rest room for the local students of our school. At our request, the manager of the local picture show has agreed to give one evening especially for our chapter, a per cent of the proceeds to be ours. Another means of increasing this fund is a "Parcel Post" Sale which we have planned for December 13th.

We feel that our chapter has been worth while. The meetings, which are always well attended, have been held at the homes of the different members, and social half hour of each meeting has been delightfully pleasant.

In the next issue of the *Technala* the Birmingham chapter will contribute an article giving an account of what they have done and are hoping to do. It is hoped that the word of these two chapters of the Alumnae Association will in some way stimulate interest enough to result in the formation of other chapters.

"Who's Who" in the Next Issue

In the next issue of the *Technala* we also hope to be able to devote a part of the space given the Alumnae Association, to a directory of the Alumnae members. Therefore, we urge as many of you as will, to send to the president of the Montevallo chapter some information in regard to your present work and address.

SOCIETY

AT THE opening of school, the Y. W. C. A. gave an informal reception and "get-acquainted party" to the student body. A delightful evening was enjoyed by all those who attended.

* * * *

On the twenty-third of October the Castalians were delightfully entertained by Miss Stella Palmer and Mr. Henderson with an informal reception at the President's home. The house was beautifully and tastefully decorated, the predominating colors being gold and white, the club colors. Cards and dancing were enjoyed, after which a delicious salad course was served. Appropriate favors, accompanied by fitting remarks, were presented by Mr. Henderson.

* * * *

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was a tacky party given by the Y. W. C. A. to all whose birthdays came in the months of September and October. Shortly after eight o'clock about a hundred girls came dressed to represent their idea of a "tack." Some were arrayed in coats of many colors, while others were a caricature of the latest fads. To begin the program, all participated in a grand march, showing off their costumes to the best advantages. The selections, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" and "Woodman Spare that Tree," read by Misses Ruth Wilks and Vida Corley in the most exaggerated Ella-Kewshun style, added much amusement to the evening's entertainment. Various games were enjoyed after which the judges awarded the prize. Miss Inez Jeffry was the tackiest girl and was presented a huge stick of peppermint candy, while Miss Kirk from the faculty was given honorable mention.

* * * *

Dr. Partlow of Bryce's Asylum, recently delivered to us two very interesting and instructive lectures on Mental Hygiene. While here Dr. Partlow and his wife were entertained with a luncheon by the Senior Domestic Science Class.

* * * *

Among the former students who have visited us this fall are Misses Margaret Cater, Eunice Hayes, Flora Belle Surles and Ulma Crumpton.

* * * *

On October the twenty-ninth a number of the Seniors and Juniors went to Birmingham for the week-end. They stopped at the Tutwiler during their stay, and went to the Jefferson Friday night to see Forbes-Robertson in Hamlet.

Early in October the Emma Hart Willard Dramatic Club held its annual reception and initiation at the club house. Eighteen new members were taken in, and each came dressed to represent a little girl. In their new role, with their short dresses and bobbed hair, they were very charming, but we hardly recognized them as our classmates. For an hour the initiation committee had charge of the evening's entertainment, and afforded us much amusement at their expense. Miss Clisby delighted us very much by telling us an Uncle Remus story, and Miss Vivian Monk gave an amusing reading. After the fun was over, delicious refreshments were served and some time was spent in toasting marshmallows before the open fire.

* * * *

Upon the sounding of the last dinner gong on all Hallow's Eve, five hundred eager and expectant girls trooped toward the college dining hall, knowing that a delightful evening was before them. The dining room was artistically decorated, and illuminated only by the mellow light of jack o'lanterns. The happy faces of the girls grouped around the well-filled tables made a pretty picture. While we were enjoying the goodies, little brownies and fairies danced and sang and played, while the old witch sat in her basket nearby watching all. Just before dinner was over an immense ghost rendered a beautiful solo appropriate to the evening's entertainment. After a pleasant hour the girls retired to the Assembly Hall, where dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

* * * *

Born to Prof. and Mrs. Chestnut on November 9, a little son, Bobby Rogers. The Senior Class is proud to be his honored godmother.

* * * *

The Seniors are planning to give their play, "The Cricket on the Hearth," on December 13th. They are already working on it, and with the able assistance of Miss Clisby they hope to give something creditable to their class and to the College. The cast is as follows:

John Perrybingle	Marion Walker	Bertha Plummer	Thelma Davis
Caleb Plummer	Vivian Monk	Mrs. Fielding	Ruth Whorton
Tackleton	Oenone Allen	May Fielding	Edna Hoyt
Edward Plummer	Mabel Brunson	Tilly Slowboy	Annie Gosa
Dot	Ruth Wilks	Mrs. Dot	Willie Zuber
Dot's Father	Mary Lou Reed	Porter	Overton Peterson

* * * *

One of the greatest pleasures afforded us in sometime was the visit of Miss Ethel Bean. A few years ago Miss Bean was our Y. W. C. A. secretary, and while here found a place in every girl's heart by her winning ways and her loving work. Miss Bean gave us some interesting and profitable talks at chapel and at Y. W. C. A., leaving with us many new thoughts and ideas. It was with regret that we saw her leave because everyone, new girls as well as old, loved her more than ever; but we are already looking forward to her visit with us next year.

* * * *

Several Sunday afternoon recitals have been given by the various members of the faculty and enjoyed by the students very much. Among them were these given by Mr. Calkins and Miss Hawkins, Miss Powers assisted by Miss Clisby and Miss Hurst.

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Board

Miss Funk . . . . . *Adviser*
Mr. Wills . . . . . *Adviser*
Mary Lou Reed . . . . . *President*
Ada Camp . . . . . *Secretary*

Marion Walker Mamie Williamson Hattie Watson
Minnie Camp Elmar Putman Sarah Vardaman
Mamie Hill Florence Lewis

The Athletic Board meets the first Monday in every month, and is composed of two representatives from each class. The first meeting was called to order by Miss Mary Lou Reed, the former president. The following new officers were elected: Miss Mary Lou Reed, president; Miss Ada Camp, secretary. Arm bands were decided upon for the girls who played on match games last year,

Sophs. vs. Seniors, 23-17

and those who are on the first team this year. A time was assigned for each girl on the board to look after the tennis courts.

At other meetings trophies for this year were discussed; plans for the Thanksgiving game were made; a new baseball diamond was decided upon; a report of $125.10 on hand was accepted.

* * * *

Thanksgiving Basketball Game

THE first game of our inter-class series of basketball will be played on the morning of Thanksgiving. The Seniors and Sophs. expect to get busy and show what they can do in playing basketball.

The line-up will be:

SENIORS		SOPHOMORES
Mary Lou Reed	*Centers*	Jessie Dean
Marion Walker	*Centers*	Ada Camp
Thelma Davis	*Centers*	Mamie Hill
Bessie Barnes	*Forwards*	Ethel Allison
Jeffie Pearl Hinton	*Forwards*	Lillian Hinsley
Mabel Brunson	*Forwards*	Ethel McGowin
Willie Zuber	*Guards*	Blannie Sanders
Overton Peterson	*Guards*	Nelia Stewart
Carolyn Ashurst	*Guards*	Vera Wilson

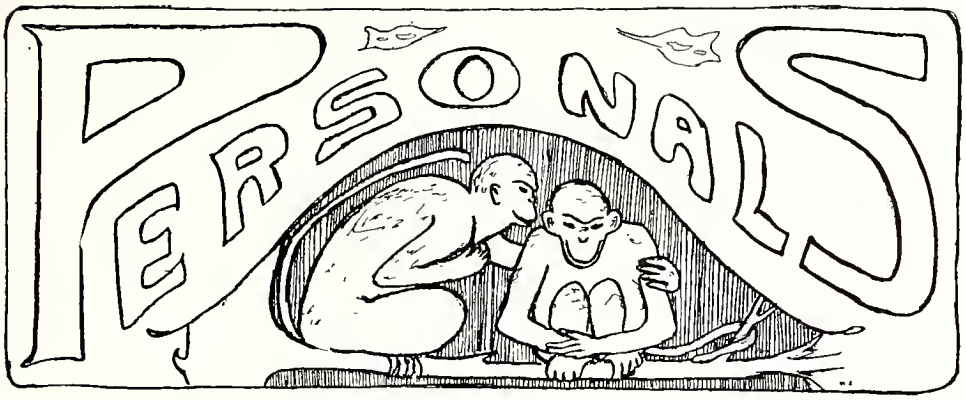
* * * *

The New Baseball Diamond

The baseball diamond of last year can no longer be used since the new gymnasium extends over part of it. The Athletic Association is having a place just on the north side of Bloch Hall graded for the purpose of having a new diamond for this year. We expect to use this ground for tennis next year and have our baseball diamond in another place.

* * * *

In order that we may always recognize the girls who have played on the match games, the Athletic Association has provided a purple arm-band, with the letters A. G. T. I. in gold on it, for every girl who played on a match game last year, and for those who are on a first team this year.



Miss Crumpton: "How old is The Nation?"
Gertrude: "Forty years old."

* * * *

Van: "Edna, has the next bell rung?"
Edna: "Yes, the next one has, but the last one hasn't."

* * * *

Carolyn: "Marie, have you bought all of your books?"
Marie: "Yes, I've bought all of them except Palgrave's Handbook and Woolley's Golden Treasury."

* * * *

Irma: Oh! Effie Mae, come here and look at the airship."
Effie Mae: "Where?"
Irma: "Right there, over Mr. Lyman's."
Effie Mae: "Oh! Irma, that's a buzzard." (The airship appeared later.)

* * * *

Miss Jenkins: "What was the Spanish Armada?"
Alice: "It was a castle in Spain which the English took, and this capture meant lots to English Literature."

* * * *

Miss Brooke: "Now one of the sentences for the test of feeble-mindedness is this: 'A man going down the street was knocked down by an automobile and instantly killed, then taken to the hospital, but it is thought he will not recover.' "
Edna (seriously): "I declare I don't see the point to that."
After everyone in the class had laughed heartily—then she blushed, as usual.

* * * *

Willie Sellers and Jennie Rowan are back again this year taking a——"P. G." probably.

* * * *

R. S. (to Marion): "May I take you to the opera?"
Marion: "Have you secured the seats?"
R. S.: "Yes, I knew you were *Heavy*."

Lines Composed During Commencement

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vale and glen,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of gentlemen.
Beside the hedge beneath the trees,
Walking and flirting in the breeze.

The girls beside them laughed; but they
  Out-did the giggling girls in glee:
A girl could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund company.
I laughed—and strolled—but little thought
What woe to me these men had brought:

For soon, when from my walk I came
  In happy and in joyous mood,
There flashed before me, like a flame,
  My name upon the board—
For strolling with those gentlemen.

P. L., '18.

* * * *

Late one beautiful afternoon
  As the sun was going down,
The girls were on the campus
  Walking 'round and 'round.

As they walked, they saw in the distance
  Something which seemed—a man!
Some of them walked slowly,
  But the most of them ran.

"Oh, isn't he darling?" cried one.
  "And perfectly precious," cried another?
"I wonder who he's coming to see;
  Perhaps it's you, perhaps it's me."

But as they near and nearer came,
  They felt as if they'd faint,
For who could it be but "Jesse"
  Coming with a can of paint.

M. S., '18.

Advice to New Girls

Never "cut" in your closet or under your bed.

Always have some one to look in the hall before you leave the room you are visiting during study hall.

Never let the old girls know that you are afraid to go down the fire escape.

Never "case" with the teachers or you will have to pick violets for them every day during recreation.

Never go in on a busy sign unless you smell something to eat.

Have excuses ready at all times.

If you want an invitation to visit Mrs. Phillips, just cut recreation on a rainy evening.

Never carry anything to eat to your friends in the infirmary, because Dr. Peck always smells it.

Never whistle on the hall if you are not near enough to the corner to turn by the time the teacher gets into the hall.

If you want the teacher on your hall to know something just tell it to your room-mate after the lights go out.

When you cut chapel, a lecture, or church, be sure to ask some one "what they had."

Never go to the infirmary unless you want capsules or pills.

Always read the bulletin board, for you may get an invitation to room 111 once a week.

Never go to sleep in church unless you are on the back seat.

Never come to the conclusion that you "can't."

B. B., '19.

* * * *

Clara: "Mary, please lend me your blue dress today."

Mary: "Whose would you have worn if I hadn't been here?"

Clara: "My own."

Mary: "Then forget that I'm here."

* * * *

Miss Crumpton: "Name some professions which are becoming common for women to follow."

Ruth: "Doctors and lawyers."

Mary: "And physicians, too, Miss Crumpton."

* * * *

Mr. Calkins: "I have sacrificed everything else for my music."

Mr. Wills: "I have sacrificed my music for everything else."

* * * *

Miss Brooke: "What is a work?"

Mildred: "It's a part of speech."

Two little coons, which made our zoo,
  To us a dear man sent.
But soon a sad thing happened,
  One little coon "had went."

Some say that this has ruined our zoo
  So now we keep it locked,
And hope our zoo will soon grow large
  By gifts from——(?) E. J., '16.

* * * *

Leila (at examinations): "I am going to stand on 'Tale of Two Cities' today."

Edna: "I'm not, I'm going to stand on my two feet."

* * * *

One Sunday night just after Y. W. C. A., Lyndall came into Margaret's room.

Margaret: "Say, Lyndall, who was the father of Zebabee's children?"

Lyndall: "Now, Margaret, you know I didn't go to Y. W. C. A."

* * * *

A Girl: "Have the lights winked?"

Miss Thomas: "Yes, didn't you hear them?"

* * * *

J. Brown: "Lorena, your room is so hot, why don't you turn off the lavatory?"

* * * *

M. Nelson: "Is that tank above the kitchen where they make the soup?"

E. Spalwn: "I suppose so; I saw one of the dining room girls fill a pitcher from one of the pipes."

* * * *

Miss Gachet: "M., what is our theorem for today?"

M. (Not having opened the book): "Two triangles er-r-r-er had——"

Miss Kirk's voice from across the hall: "Our theorem for today is, Two triangles are congruent, if two sides and the included angle of the one, etc."

M. gave a sigh of relief. She always was a lucky girl.

* * * *

Jane: "Oh, Mary! What a beautiful dress; where in the world did you get it?"

Mary: "Yesterday was my birthday, and Grandmother sent it to me. She always sends me a dress on my birthday; if it comes in winter she sends me a winter dress, and if it comes in summer she sends me a summer dress."

* * * *

Miss Brooke: "What is the pupil of the eye?"

Kathleene: "It's that part of the brain which comes to the surface."

* * * *

Miss Jenkins (to her class who were studying the parts of speech): "In this sentence, Annie Jo, 'The sun has faded my red parasol,' what part of speech is parasol?"

Annie Jo (after some thought): "It's an umbrella."

Sayings at A. G. T. I.

Is that the first bell?
Oh, I won't tell.
What time is it?
I believe I'll have a fit.
Let's go to town.
Don't make a frown.
Have you paid your dues?
I've got the blues.
Recreate with me.
I wish I had some tea.
Has the mail been called?
Isn't that girl tall?
Let me see your notes.
Wish I had a dope.
Is our lesson hard?
Wish I could parse.
Lend me a spoon.
Come go to my room.

E. W., '16.

* * * *

Mail Time at A. G. T. I.

Oh! mail time, sweet mail time, the happiest time of the day,
Dear mail time, I'll sing you a song if I may,
My letters lie snug in the old striped bag,
Oh! Mary, oh! Mary, oh! why do you lag?

The meal-times are sweet, the play times are, too,
But mail time, dear mail time, I'm wild about you,
My parents I hear from, my cousins and friends,
But sometimes I get not the letter he sends.

Oh! mail time, sweet mail time, at noon and at night,
That white stack of letters looks good to my sight,
Each name sends a thrill to my listening soul,
And I hope I won't be left out in the cold.

L. W., '19.

* * * *

Want Column

1. Some one who has never walked over a busy sign.
2. Some one to take Misses Baskin and Cary for a "spin" in a Ford.
3. A "Pied Piper" to run the "rats" away from Senior Hall.
4. A change in the curriculum so that E. S. and M. T. can graduate.

Being Initiated

One night at eight a ghostly clan,
With forms of white and faces tan,
Came to my room, and in voices hollow
Bade me "Come forth and follow."

With trembling knees I rose to obey,
But was stopped by their leader's "Stay!"
And tying my hands and binding my eyes,
She led me out through the door sidewise.

On, on, shaking, I stumbled fast,
Past doors and doors, until at last
I knew and felt, and felt and knew
That the fire escape loomed into view.

Their dozen hands pulled open the door,
Their voices cried, "Sit flat on the floor!"
With many a push and many a thrust,
They rushed me headlong into the dust.

E. M., '18.

* * * *

A sub-fresh, confusing occulist and dietitian, informed her room-mate that Dr. Acker was a fine eyetitian.

Inside Information Concerning a Few Seniors

Name	Hobby	Pastime	Aims to	Detests	Favorite Expression	Nickname
Ashurst	Studying	"Catalogues"	Do wonders	Laziness	"Now Ruth!"	"Caline"
Caldwell	Blue Ridge	Church	Be an actress	Chemistry	"Oh! Those moon-light nights!"	"Dot"
Allen	Y. W. C. A.	Going to "201"	Have *er* time	English	"It's a secret"	"None"
Corley	Refreshments	Laughing	Study (when?)	Anything restraining	"I'm distressed to death!"	"V. E. C."
Coley	Alexander City	Arguing	Be tall (when?)	Feasting on knowledge	"You'll drive me to drink!"	"Cute"
Withers	Darning on Sunday	"Toteing" that suit case	Be on time	Math	"I wish I were——!"	"L. W."
Walker	Technala	Lecturing	Get thin	Her hands (?)	"Not a thing stirring"	"Heavy"
Hoyt	Her fountain pen	Laughing	Teach school	Being quiet	"Ah! is that so?"	"Irish"
Smith	Getting Offices	Visiting during study hours	Do better next time	Order on the hall	"Yes, child!"	"Pres"
Zuber	Ministering unto the needy	Mesmerizing	Be a saint	Nothing	"Cats"	"Bill"
Wilks	Breaking rules	Practice teaching	Be serious	Rules	(Don't ask us)	"Dave"
Parish	Blushing	Sleeping	Keep out of trouble	Going to "111"	"I just hate him!"	"E. P."
M. Nolen	Being bashful	Getting fresh air	Be great	Being questioned	"My goodness!"	"Grandma"
L. Nolen	Asking questions	Eating	Rest as long as she can	Being rushed	"Ain't that the truth?"	"Lucy Anna"
Warner	"Tige"	Singing	Get married	Glee Club	"Oh! goodness"	"Warner"
Fulton	Going home	Being silly	Be dignified	Salmon	"Just like him"	"Effie"
Davis	Music	Playing Hymns	Be "*Moore*"	History	"I wish you'd listen"	"T. D."
Whorton	Society	Visiting "280"	Startle the world	Boys	"I'll be jiggered!"	"Rusty"
Reed	Acting a dunce	"Toteing" (?)	Go West	Work	"Why wasn't I born a nigger?"	"Lou"
Savage	Extracting Technala fee	Education	Teach school	Knowledge	"I want to talk to you some more"	"Ideal"
Scott	Talking	Advertising	Be known	Ignorance	"Greetings"	"Great Scott"

The Wonderful Top Drawer

Ida: Where is my black tie?
Nell: It's in the top drawer.
Ida: Have you seen the shoe polish?
Nell: Yes, I put it in the top drawer.
Nell: I have lost my coupon book.
Ida: It was in the top drawer yesterday.
Ida: Somebody has swiped my chemistry note book.
Nell: No they haven't, for I saw you put it in the top drawer.
Nell: I can't find my crepe de chine waist.
Ide: I know where it is.
Nell: Where?
Ida: In the top drawer.
Nell: Oh, here is some chocolate candy.
Ida: Where did you find it?
Nell: In the top drawer.

* * * *

Said the suffragette to Mrs. Brown,
"Now wouldn't this be bliss,
To walk down town with Mr. Brown
And cast your vote with his?"

Mrs. Brown shook her head at this and said,
(A note of weariness ran thru it)
"If there's anything he can do by himself,
For mercy's sake, let him do it."

L. W., '16.

* * * *

An Ode to the "Technala"

Tell me not with many grumbles
The *Technala* is a dream,
For our will power never slumbers
And we are more than what we seem (?)

AS THIS is the advent of a new department into our *Technala* we first wish to express our thanks and gratitude to other schools and colleges for the interest and enthusiasm with which they have co-operated with us. Their publications have helped us, and we hope that our *Technala* may in return really mean something to them.

In the October *Miscellany* of Mary Baldwin Seminary, we wish especially to mention favorably "The Surrender of the Little Rebel." It is indeed a clever and interesting little story of highest merit.

"Before It is Too Late," in the *Winthrop Weekly*, is a poem which is especially high in thought and emotion. It, no doubt, deserves praise.

The Orange and Blue, Auburn's weekly, shows a wonderful and admirable love of class and school, and also an intense enthusiasm for football. We do not blame them in the least.

Although the exchange department is still in its infancy, we have on our list the following magazines and papers:

The Lasso, from Denton, Texas.
The Orange and Blue, from Auburn.
The Miscellany, from The Mary Baldwin Seminary at Staunton, Va.
Winthrop Weekly, from Winthrop, S. C.
The Hour Glass, from the Columbia School at Rochester, New York.
The Mirror, from Central in Birmingham.
Poly-Prep, from Poly-Prep in Brooklyn, N. Y.
The "Qualis," from Misses Annabelle's School at New Brunswick, N. J.

* * * *

Senior: I want to get some bird seed.
Fresh.: Aw—birds grow from eggs, not seeds.—*Ex.*

Senior: What are you thinking about?
Sub-Fresh.: Nothing.
Senior: Oh! don't be so egotistical.—*Ex.*

* * * *

Why would Samson have made an excellent actor?
He could have easily brought down any house.—*Ex.*

* * * *

Teacher: What are the children of the Czar called?
Pupil: Czardines.—*Ex.*

* * * *

Miss J.: What a pity that all good-looking men are conceited.
Sim: Oh, I'm not.—*Ex.*

THE END

?

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E. T. HUNTER, Secretary

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